**PARTY OF ONE**

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Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to a street in Ponyville during the day. Things are fairly quiet as the camera pans to the library and the view dissolves to the reading room, where Twilight Sparkle is doing a bit of studying. A knock at the front door interrupts her; cut to just outside as she opens it and smiles pleasantly.*)

**Twilight:** Oh! Hi, Pinkie Pie.

***Cheerful oompah/polka melody, fast 4 (C major)***

(*Immediate surprise across her face; zoom out to frame the pink pony, who has donned a party hat and red rubber-ball nose and is capering on the step. Her pet alligator Gummy stands alongside, with his own hat.*)

**Pinkie Pie:** This is your singing telegram, I hope it finds you well

You’re invited to a party ’cause we think you’re really swell

(*Around Gummy, the backdrop dissolves to the front walk of the Carousel Boutique; his party hat gives way to a top hat and tuxedo jacket with shirt and bow tie. Pinkie is similarly dressed, with spats on her hooves as well, and addresses Rarity at the front door.*)

**Pinkie:** Gummy’s turning one year old, so help us celebrate

The cake will be delicious, the festivities first-rate

(*On the end of this, the scenery around Gummy dissolves to the wall of the Sweet Apple Acres barn as confetti rains down. He snaps at a piece, now out of his formalwear. Zoom out as Pinkie, also unclothed and with confetti cannons strapped to her head and flanks, sings to Applejack.*)

**Pinkie:** There will be games and dancing, bob for apples, cut a rug

(*The cannons fire.*)

And when the party’s over, we’ll gather ’round for a group hug

***Slower tempo***

(*The next dissolve around Gummy shows him nipped onto a fold of the hot-air balloon that figured prominently in “Fair Weather Friends” and “Sonic Rainboom.” Pinkie is riding in it and singing to Rainbow Dash at the front door of the latter’s cloud house. The slower tempo and the sweat running down Pinkie’s face betray the toll that this round of visits is taking on her. She no longer wears the confetti cannons.*)

**Pinkie:** No need to bring a gift, being there will be enough

Birthdays mean having fun with friends, not getting lots of stuff

(*A long shot of the structure reveals that its design is noticeably different from its previous appearances.*)

***Even slower tempo***

(*Cut to Pinkie, now wearing a birthday cake on her head and a second one that encases her body, with Gummy perched on her neck. Now she is having trouble even keeping her head off the ground as she sings to Fluttershy outside the front door of the latter’s cottage.*)

**Pinkie:** It won’t be the same without you, so we hope that you say yes

So please, oh, please RSVP and come and be our guest

***Song ends***

(*Just in time, as she collapses spreadeagle on the ground, Gummy hanging in midair and falling a moment later. Wipe to a room whose candy-cane columns give it away as being within Sugarcube Corner. Pinkie trudges up a staircase to enter it, marking this as an upper-story room; a balcony runs around its perimeter, and another door with a heart cutout can be seen beyond its railing. The room is fully decked out for this birthday party: cake, punchbowl, wind-up phonograph, bob-for-apples tub, and plenty of decorations. Gummy is still riding shotgun.*)

**Pinkie:** (*hoarsely, sweating*) Next time I think I’ll just pass out written invitations.

(*She goes flat on her face again, with the same delayed drop by Gummy. Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of Sugarcube Corner. Zoom in on the upper stories and cut to a pan across the party room as a lively tune plays on the phonograph. Twilight and Pinkie are dancing, Applejack and Rainbow are at the bobbing tub, and Fluttershy and Rarity talk by the refreshment table. Pinkie has shed both her cake outfit and Gummy. Applejack dunks her head into the water and quickly brings up an apple in her teeth, which she tosses up and eats in one bite. The pegasus maintains her composure in the face of the workhorse’s smirk.*)

**Rainbow:** Nice one. Now let me show you how it’s *really* done.

(*Before she can do her thing, the music ends and Pinkie walks over.*)

**Pinkie:** Hey, girls!

**Rainbow:** Hey, Pinkie Pie.

**Applejack:** Howdy! (*Little squeaky giggle from Pinkie.*)

**Pinkie:** Just wanted to tell you how happy I am that you could make it to Gummy’s party.

**Applejack:** Are you kiddin’? I wouldn’t-a missed it for the world.

**Rainbow:** Me neither. When Pinkie Pie throws a party, I am there!

(*Now she bobs and snags an apple of her own.*)

**Rainbow:** Ta-da!

**Pinkie:** Aw, just a boring old apple. Don’t worry. (*Cut to the other two; she continues o.s.*) There are plenty of other surprises in there. (*Rainbow spits out her apple; it bounces off Applejack’s head.*)

**Rainbow:** What kind of surprises?

**Pinkie:** I can’t tell you that, silly! (*trotting off*) Then it wouldn’t be a surprise!

(*The camera shifts to point up at the pair from underwater; they peer in excitedly.*)

**Applejack:** (*bubbly*) Hmm!

(*Outside again; both go in at the same time. Applejack is first to bring something up: a ball attached by a spring to the bottom of the tub. She yanks at it for a moment before the tension drags her back in. Rainbow, meanwhile, comes up to find a party-hatted Gummy firmly latched onto her snout. One very soggy blond mare has a good chuckle at the sight before the alligator gets flung off.*)

(*At the refreshment table, Rarity is happily sipping a cup of punch through a straw. When it runs dry, Pinkie steps over and refills from a ladle in her teeth, quickly setting it aside.*)

**Rarity:** This punch is simply divine. Is this the same recipe you used for your “Spring Has Sprung” party? (*Twilight passes behind the table; Rarity drinks.*)

**Pinkie:** Nope, something new.

(*A close-up of the punchbowl shows that Gummy has landed in it; the sight causes Rarity to spit her mouthful directly into Pinkie’s face. This does not shift her broad smile even a millimeter.*)

**Pinkie:** It’s Gummy’s favorite!

(*Looking to Twilight for advice and getting none, the white unicorn just keeps her trap shut, stitches a huge grin on her face, and swallows. She then forces herself to keep sipping as a new tune starts up on the phonograph.*)

**Pinkie:** Ooh! This is my jam!

(*As soon as she darts away, Rarity turns to a convenient potted plant and unloads this mouthful of punch into it. The dancing Twilight and Fluttershy are soon accosted by their enthusiastic host, who joins in.*)

**Pinkie:** Having fun?

**Twilight:** A blast!

**Fluttershy:** You always throw the best parties, Pinkie Pie.

**Pinkie:** They’re always the best parties ’cause my best friends are always there!

(*She gets perhaps a bit too lively with her dancing, hip-checking both ponies away out of view.*)

**Pinkie:** Come on, everypony!

(*Cut to Twilight, dazed and partially embedded in one wall, then to Fluttershy, who has come loose from hers and is tottering around woozily.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Gummy wants to dance!

(*The pegasus gets her head clear; cut to the guest of honor, standing in the middle of the floor among the dancing hooves. No part of him moves except for the twitching end of his tail.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s., in rhythm*) Go, Gummy! It’s your birthday! Go, Gummy! It’s your birthday!

(*Zoom out to an overhead shot of the room and dissolve to the moon in the night sky as the music fades. From here, the camera zooms out to frame Sugarcube Corner; Pinkie is looking out from one of the room’s windows.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) Hoo-wee! I am beat.

(*She comes into view on the end of this, the first guest to leave; Fluttershy and Rainbow are following her.*)

**Applejack:** I haven’t danced that much since…well…since your last party. Thanks again for the invite!

(*Now Rarity is on her way out as well.*)

**Rainbow:** See you later, birthday alligator! (*Ground level.*)

**Rarity:** Bravo for hosting yet another delightful soiree.

**Fluttershy:** It’s been lovely. (*Pan from them to Twilight, bringing up the rear.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) You sure you don’t want to stay? (*Cut to her.*) There’s still some cake left.

**Twilight:** Uh, I think I’m gonna pass. Great party, though. We should do this again soon.

(*As she heads for home, the brain under the magenta mane starts to work and prompts the mouth to gasp and the eyebrows to come down.*)

**Pinkie:** We *should* do this again soon!

(*Dissolve to a long shot of the library and zoom in. It is now sunrise of the following morning. Inside, a knock at the door brings a very drowsy Twilight out of bed; cut to outside as she opens it.*)

**Twilight:** Oh! Hi, Pinkie—

(*Pinkie shoves her face into Twilight’s; she is wearing a wicker basket filled with invitations on her head.*)

**Pinkie:** It’s soon!

(*Zoom out to frame all of her, jumping excitedly in place.*)

**Twilight:** Pardon me?

**Pinkie:** You said we should have another party soon, and…it’s soon! (*leaning close*) Here’s your invitation!

(*Twilight levitates an envelope from the basket, opens it, and extracts a card; the delivery pony starts jumping again.*)

**Twilight:** (*reading*) “You are invited to Gummy’s after-birthday party, this afternoon at three o’clock.” (*Pinkie stops jumping.*)

**Pinkie:** All our bestest friends are invited, and there’s gonna be dancing and games and cake and ice cream and punch!

(*On the second half of this, zoom in on one suddenly uneasy unicorn.*)

**Twilight:** This afternoon? (*Nod.*) As in “this afternoon” this afternoon?

**Pinkie:** Yes indeedy!

**Twilight:** Oh, gosh. I wish I could make it, but I’ve gotten a bit behind in my studies.

(*She flashes a big grin while magically shifting books from the shelves and stacking them up on the reading room floor. Cut from them back to her on the start of the next line.*)

**Twilight:** I’ve really gotta hit the books. (*Zoom out; the piles reach almost to the ceiling.*)

**Pinkie:** I understand. Your studies come first. But don’t worry. (*winking*) We’ll be sure to save you some cake. (*She heads off.*)

**Twilight:** Please do.

**Pinkie:** (*stopping briefly during exit*) Oh, and Twilight? You shouldn’t hit the books. You should really just read them.

**Twilight:** (*now alone*) I’ll keep that in mind.

(*Wipe to Applejack, who is hauling a train of three heavily laden apple carts toward the barn at Sweet Apple Acres. It is now later in the day. As she approaches the door, Pinkie pops her head and basket hat out from some hay bales.*)

**Applejack:** Huh? Oh, hey, Pinkie Pie. What brings you around these parts?

**Pinkie:** (*shaking her rump*) Who’s ready to shake their hoove thang?

(*She ducks her head down a bit so Applejack can grab one of the envelopes in her mouth, then startles her into dropping it with a sudden caper.*)

**Pinkie:** It’s an invitation to Gummy’s after-birthday party this afternoon! (*Cut to behind her and zoom in on Applejack.*) There’s gonna be dancing and games and cake and ice cream and punch!

**Applejack:** (*uneasily*) This afternoon? As in “this afternoon” this afternoon?

**Pinkie:** That’s funny. That’s just what Twilight said. And the answer is… (*smiling*) …yes! It’s this afternoon.

**Applejack:** Oh…well, I…I, uh…I don’t think I can make it ’cause, uh…I have to, uh…

(*Her perspective of the three overloaded carts.*)

**Applejack:** …uh, you know what, I, uh…pick apples! (*Back to the pair.*) Yep, apples. ’Cause that’s what we do with the…apples…we, uh…pick ’em.

(*Having finally fumbled her way to something that might pass as the end of a sentence, she gives Pinkie a huge nervous grin. The latter does not seem convinced for the moment, so the farmer widens the grin a bit. Two blue eyes narrow in suspicion; Applejack gets out a weak chuckle and swallows hard, her reflection appearing in Pinkie’s pupils before the eyebrows pop back up.*)

**Pinkie:** (*smiling*) Okey-dokey-lokey! A party is still a party, even if there are only three guests.

(*She trots off; once she is well out of range, Applejack exhales loudly in relief. Wipe to the front door of the Carousel Boutique, seen from a distance. As Rarity watches from the door, a malodorous, overflowing trash can is hauled away; its carrier cannot yet be seen, but Spike’s groans indicate that he is lifting it from behind. Once he sets the can down, he hurries back—liberally daubed with filth and emitting fumes of his own.*)

**Spike:** Anything else I can do for you, most beautiful one? (*She sniffs at him and recoils; cut to her perspective of him.*)

**Rarity:** Mmm—perhaps you could take a bath. (*Back to her.*) How *do* I put this delicately? You smell like a rotten apple core that’s been wrapped in moldy hay and dipped in dragon perspiration.

(*As she turns to go back into the shop, he floats off the ground with a lovestruck sigh and goofy smile, hearts in his eyes and floating up along with the stench. She steps out to nudge him with her hoof so that he drifts off like a helium balloon; as soon as he is out of nose-shot, Pinkie appears alongside. It takes a moment for Rarity to realize that she is here.*)

**Rarity:** Ooh, *love* the new hat. Very modern. What’s the occasion?

**Pinkie:** Gummy’s after-birthday party is this afternoon. I’m delivering the invitations.

**Rarity:** (*suddenly uneasy*) The party is *this* afternoon? As in “this afternoon” this afternoon.

**Pinkie:** It’s so strange. Everypony keeps saying that.

**Rarity:** (*fiddling with her mane*) Oh…do they?

**Pinkie:** I know it’s short notice, but we had such a great time at his birthday party, I thought we could have even more fun at his after-birthday party!

**Rarity:** And I’m sure that we would, but I’m going to have to decline. (*fiddling with mane*) I have to…wash my hair.

**Pinkie:** Don’t be silly. Your hair doesn’t look dirty.

**Rarity:** It doesn’t?

**Pinkie:** Nope.

(*It does, in fact, look as impeccable as ever. Once its owner gets over her momentary paralysis at being caught, she races to the trash can, steels herself, and stuffs her head into the refuse. When she pulls it out, she is as smelly and filthy as Spike.*)

**Rarity:** See? (*Choke down the gag reflex.*) Dirty. (*rushing inside*) I have to go. (*Door slam.*)

**Pinkie:** (*to herself*) Huh. No Twilight, no Applejack, no Rarity. (*smiling*) Oh, well. A party is still a party even with only two guests.

(*Wipe to Fluttershy and Rainbow hovering in midair and aiming puzzled looks down toward the camera; zoom in slowly.*)

**Rainbow:** This afternoon? (*They exchange a glance.*)

**Fluttershy:** As in—

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Yes!

(*Cut to frame all three on the grounds of Fluttershy’s cottage.*)

**Pinkie:** As in “this afternoon” this afternoon!

**Rainbow:** Oh, man, we’d love to, but…we’re house-sitting this afternoon. (*Fluttershy nods hurriedly.*)

**Pinkie:** (*sighing*) Both of you? (*Cut to Fluttershy.*)

**Fluttershy:** It’s, uh…a big house.

(*Pan to Rainbow, who now has a pencil in her teeth so she can scribble on one foreleg. A cut to her perspective shows that she is drawing a wristwatch; Pinkie’s head pops up over the edge of that limb.*)

**Rainbow:** Uh, look at the time! (*Back to her and Fluttershy; pencil gone.*) We’d really better get going.

(*They start to fly away, but Pinkie’s next word stops them in their midair tracks; now Rainbow’s ersatz timepiece has been scrubbed off.*)

**Pinkie:** Wait! Maybe I could bring you some after-birthday cake and ice cream! (*They float back down.*) Who are you house-sitting for?

**Rainbow:** Harry.

**Pinkie:** Harry? (*Cut to the pegasi.*)

**Rainbow:** Yeah, I don’t think you know him.

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) That’s strange. (*Zoom out to frame her.*) I know just about everypony around here.

**Fluttershy:** He’s a bear.

**Pinkie:** A bear? (*Fluttershy winks to Rainbow, who plays along.*)

**Rainbow:** Yep, he’s a bear, all right. And he’ll be pretty upset if we don’t get over to his house soon.

(*Her chuckle is the cue for both of them to exit the scene, but again they stop short when Pinkie speaks. Nerves start to come unstrung throughout the following.*)

**Pinkie:** Wait! There’s a bear around here who lives in a house? (*Cut to Fluttershy.*)

**Fluttershy:** It’s, uh, really more of a cave. (*Zoom out, framing Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** But he’s fixed the place up so much, it *feels* like a house. (*Cut to Pinkie.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*from o.s.*) And, uh, he wants us to look after his house— (*Back to the pair in the air.*) —uh, cave—while he’s, uh—

**Rainbow:** —a-at the beach!

**Pinkie:** He’s vacationing at the beach?

**Rainbow:** Yep, he loves to… (*Pause; she and Fluttershy think hard for a second.*)

**Fluttershy, Rainbow:** Collect seashells!/Play beach volleyball!…Play beach volleyball!/Collect seashells!…Collect volleyballs!/Play seashells!

(*It goes without saying that they are now having a very hard time keeping their stories straight, so they give it up.*)

**Rainbow:** Gotta go!

(*Both flyers bail out to leave one very perplexed pink pony on the ground. Around her, the backdrop dissolves to the room in which she held the party and the camera zooms out slightly. She is on the floor, sitting on her belly with forelegs crossed, as Gummy plays with a ball of yarn and unrolls it. Both have shed their party-related headwear.*)

**Pinkie:** Something strange is definitely going on around here, Gummy. Sure, Rainbow Dash and Fluttershy had to house-sit for that vacationing bear— (*standing up*) —but what are the chances all my other friends would have plans this afternoon too?

(*Cut to outside and zoom in slowly; she looks out an open window.*)

**Pinkie:** Rarity has to wash her hair? Applejack has to pick apples? Twilight is behind on her studies and has to hit the books? The more I think about it, the more those are starting to sound like… (*Gasp.*) …excuses!

(*Looking worriedly out over Ponyville, she reacts with sudden surprise and ducks down to peek over the sill. Across the way, she spots Twilight, who tiptoes into some bushes near Sugarcube Corner, glances around, and moves toward the building. A ground-level shot shows her entering the front door, which closes gently behind her. Tilt up to the window; Pinkie gawks down at the street.*)

**Pinkie:** That doesn’t look like studying… (*Zoom in.*) …*or* hitting!

(*Snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to the shop floor of Sugarcube Corner. Twilight, at the counter, rings a desk bell to bring Mrs. Cake out from the kitchen.*)

**Mrs. Cake:** (*smiling*) Oh! You must be here for— (*Cut to Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** Shh!

(*Zoom out; the older mare is now on the other side of the counter. All speakers keep their voices down through the next nine lines.*)

**Twilight:** Is Pinkie Pie around?

**Mrs. Cake:** Oh, I don’t think so.

**Twilight:** Good.

(*Unnoticed by both, a tin can on the end of a string drops into view.*)

**Twilight:** I don’t want her to know anything about this. (*Tilt up slowly.*)

**Mrs. Cake:** Yes, of course.

(*She turns away as the camera tilts up through a cutaway view of the ceiling.*)

**Mrs. Cake:** (*now o.s.*) I’ll be right back.

(*Stop on Pinkie, who has cut a hole in the floor above to lower the can and has a second one, on the other end of the string, pressed to her ear so she can eavesdrop. Behind her, Gummy rolls past, balancing on his ball of yarn, as she lowers the can.*)

**Pinkie:** But—we’re friends. What wouldn’t Twilight want me to know anything about? (*can to ear; hoofbeats heard; gasp*) She’s coming back!

(*The next three lines echo slightly as if being spoken into a large open barrel.*)

**Mrs. Cake:** There you go!

**Twilight:** Thanks. And remember, not a word to Pinkie Pie. (*Pause; normal volume.*) Hey!

(*Pinkie’s can is yanked down through the hole, taking most of her hoof with it—Twilight has found the hanging bug.*)

**Twilight:** What’s with the tin can?

(*One great heave yanks the foreleg and can free, breaking the string and bringing a cry of pain from the shop floor. Tilt down to Twilight, who now has the lower can jammed onto her snout; it pops loose, leaving that portion of her face deformed to match its shape. She aims a very confused look at the camera.*)

(*Wipe to the street. Twilight, her snout back to its regular shape, peeks out from a clump of bushes and tiptoes past the herb/flower shop, a cake box balanced on her back. Pinkie, in turn, puts her head up from the racks of flowerpots to spy on her. The furtive unicorn flicks her eyes back for the merest instant before continuing her journey, and Pinkie watches from around a corner. An instant later, she pops up near the camera, with Gummy perched on the back of her head. All lines are delivered in hushed tones until further notice.*)

**Pinkie:** Time to get to the bottom of things.

(*As she says this, she dons a pair of Groucho Marx-style joke glasses, complete with large nose and bushy eyebrows and mustache. She then continues her tailing job, diving for cover behind an apple stand when Twilight stops and looks back behind herself. The toothless alligator pops loose and into the open, but Pinkie yanks him back out of sight. As the dessert transporter exits, Pinkie glances around the corner and gasps softly.*)

**Pinkie:** I think our cover’s been blown! I’ll need a new disguise.

(*Cut to Twilight, now sneaking toward the Carousel Boutique; she rings the doorbell and Rarity peeks out, having cleaned up after her garbage facial in Act One. A moment later, the two unicorns are standing side by side on the grass and trying their best to look casual.*)

**Rarity:** She didn’t see you at the sweet shop, did she?

**Twilight:** I don’t think so.

**Rarity:** Oh, good. I’d hate for her to ruin everything.

**Twilight:** Me too.

(*She moves away with one quick sidestep, letting the box fall to the ground, and trots off. Rarity takes one step to block it from view with her body, looks around to make sure the heat is off, and heads out with the cargo wrapped up in her tail. As she turns past one of the tents set up near her shop, a quick pan to the other side reveals an incongruous hay bale near a tree. This promptly sprouts four pink legs and a blue-eyed face covered by the Groucho glasses—Pinkie’s new camouflage—and Gummy pops up on top to sneeze from all the chaff he has inhaled.*)

(*Overhead view of Rarity, now walking along a street. Fluttershy pokes her head out from around a corner; cut to the two at ground level as Rarity approaches and winks to her. The camera zooms in on the hay bale in the background and cuts to a close-up. Both Gummy and Pinkie’s legs are out of sight again, but she has added a baseball cap and a gray overcoat to the disguise. She hops a bit closer.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Have you seen her?

**Fluttershy:** (*from o.s.*) Not since this morning. (*Cut to behind Pinkie and zoom in on the two.*)

**Rarity:** Me neither. Can you believe she was planning on throwing an after-birthday party *today?*

**Fluttershy:** I’m just glad I was able to come up with an excuse for why I couldn’t be there. (*Back to Pinkie.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Me too. This is obviously going to be so much better. (*The pair again.*)

**Fluttershy:** As long as we keep her from finding out about it, it will. (*Rarity nods and sets the box on the ground.*)

**Rarity:** See you later.

(*The two depart in opposite directions, Fluttershy carrying the box by its wrapping twine in her teeth. Pinkie starts into a frantic hopping getaway, which is cut short when she knocks herself silly against the corner of a house. She bounces backwards, smacking into Fluttershy so that she drops the box. The latter looks up with a gasp as the seemingly sentient—and badly dressed—hay bale turns to face her, then yells in fright and takes off with the box. Now Gummy makes his reappearance, popping up from an overcoat pocket with his own set of trick glasses firmly in place. Normal speaking volume resumes at this point; close-up of her.*)

**Pinkie:** (*dejectedly*) I thought everypony loved my parties. (*Rainbow walks past.*)

**Rainbow:** Hi, Pinkie Pie.

(*A longer shot frames the saddlebags on her back and the fact that she has scrubbed her foreleg free of the watch she drew on it while talking to Pinkie in Act One. She stops short, her mane standing up under its own power and her tail snapping out straight from total shock.*)

**Rainbow:** Uh-oh. (*She lifts off; Pinkie hops after her, poking her head from the bale.*)

**Pinkie:** Rainbow Dash, wait!

(*The fleeing pegasus rounds a corner and drops back into a trot, then stops near some barrels.*)

**Rainbow:** Phew! (*Pinkie, free of her disguise, pops up from one.*)

**Pinkie:** Where are you going?!

(*Rather than answer, Rainbow sucks in a sharp gasp and lifts off straight up at Mach 3; cut to her in flight through a wooded area. She hides behind the schoolhouse bell for a moment before ducking into it, causing it to swing and clang softly. The next shot is of the bell’s dim interior; she pauses to catch her breath, hovering near the silhouette of the irregularly-shaped clapper. Two slitted eyes open at the lower end and the lights come up just enough to expose the reason for the odd contour: Pinkie is hanging upside down from the pivot, with Gummy holding fast to her mane; the alligator has shed his joke glasses.*)

**Pinkie:** (*shrilly; Rainbow shrieks*) What’s the real reason you didn’t want to come to Gummy’s party?!?

(*During this line, cut to just outside the tower. The bell begins to ring with increasing volume and finally ejects a speeding pegasus, who makes a fast break up the nearest mountain. Fatigue gets the better of her as she approaches the summit; cut to a close-up of the edge as one foreleg reaches up over it. When the other one follows, a pink hoof extends into view to pull her up, and the camera zooms out to frame an extremely irritated Pinkie. With Gummy on her back, she leads down for a close look at the loaded saddlebags.*)

**Pinkie:** (*even more shrilly*) WHAT’S IN THOSE BAGS?!?!?

(*Rainbow peels out, leaving nothing but a Technicolor blur behind her, and Pinkie does the same in a swoosh of pink and green. At Sweet Apple Acres, Applejack spots the fast-approaching chase; cut to Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** Applejack! (*Tilt down to Pinkie; she continues o.s.*) We have a problem!

(*The winged pony rockets in through the open barn door, and Applejack gasps and dives inside, slamming it shut an instant before Pinkie skids up. Her teeth gritted in supreme vexation, she bangs her head a few times against the door.*)

**Pinkie:** I know you’re in there! (*Top half opens; Applejack faces her.*)

**Applejack:** Oh, uh, howdy, partner.

**Pinkie:** Mind if I take a look inside the barn?

**Applejack:** No—uh, I mean, yes—I mean, you can’t come in here.

**Pinkie:** Rainbow Dash just went in there.

**Applejack:** Oh, well, she was just bringin’ in some…supplies! (*Her perspective of the skeptical pony, then back as she continues.*) Yep, supplies for the…renovation. (*stretching neck to block Pinkie’s view*) Fixin’ up the whole thing, top to bottom.

(*Close-up of Pinkie’s unconvinced expression, then zoom out to Applejack’s side of the door. She addresses herself toward the barn interior.*)

**Applejack:** (*raising her voice*) Uh, lots of construction goin’ on in there right now! (*Outside again; she grins nervously.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from inside, whispering*) You heard her—construction!

(*She and the other three inside—Twilight, Fluttershy, Rarity—deliver their best power-tool and heavy-equipment sound effects as the camera shifts between the two earth ponies. Pinkie glares at Applejack from various angles, while the latter meets her gaze and keeps shifting her own head to stop the angry pink pony from seeing into the barn. The two get into a noze-to-nose shoving match for a moment, with Applejack’s face reflected in Pinkie’s furious pupils; it ends only when the farmer slams the barn door shut, pinning Pinkie’s head between it and the frame. The bad sound effects stop at this point, and she pulls loose and Applejack reopens the door to address her temporarily disoriented visitor.*)

**Applejack:** Yep. Construction. That’s my story and I’m stickin’ to it. Heh.

(*Her unconvincing grin is met by Pinkie’s new glower. Applejack swallows hard; the blue eyes narrow; sweat runs down under the blond mane; Pinkie brings her eyebrows down even farther in extreme close-up. Zoom out to behind Applejack as the silence finally breaks.*)

**Pinkie:** (*slowly, hard tone*) Okey-dokey-lokey.

(*She departs and Applejack sighs quietly, only to have the pink face shoved right back into her own for another tense second before it backs off. Outside the door again; she sighs loudly and hangs limp over the bottom half as the other four ponies peek out behind her and sigh as well.*)

(*Dissolve to a close-up of Gummy; Pinkie paces in front of him, seen from the flank down.*)

**Pinkie:** Secrets and lies. It’s all secrets and lies with those ponies. (*Longer shot, framing all of her.*) They’re up to something, Gummy—something they don’t want me to know about! (*leaning in, knocking him back*) Well, I’m gonna know about it. I’m gonna know about it big time! And I know just who’s gonna tell me all about it. (*raising voice; zoom in on eyes*) Tell me all about it big time!

(*Cut to a close-up of Spike, seated in a chair and staring through sparkling, eagerly widening pupils. He blinks them back to normal and stands as the camera zooms out on the next line; before him on a table is a large plate of jewels. He and Pinkie are in the upstairs party room of Sugarcube Corner.*)

**Spike:** Wow! Nice spread!

**Pinkie:** (*smiling shrewdly*) It’s all yours, Spike.

(*The calm demeanor quickly vanishes when she slides a small spotlight along the table and aims it at his face. Next she grabs his tail, pulls it through the back of the chair, and lets Gummy bite down to hold him in place. The spot is turned on, all the other lights in the room switch off, and she leans in close through the glare.*)

**Pinkie:** All you have to do is talk.

**Spike:** That’s it? Aw, you got it. Okay, uh, beautiful weather we’re having, eh? (*Cut to Pinkie; he continues o.s.*) I love a sunny spring day, don’t you? The birds chirping— (*Cut to frame both; he reaches toward the jewels.*) —the flowers blooming—

(*During this line, her calculating smirk gives way to a frustrated scowl; finally she slides the plate well out of reach.*)

**Pinkie:** No, no, no. (*leaning light toward him*) Talk about our friends.

**Spike:** Oh, okay. Let’s see. Uh, there’s Twilight Sparkle, she’s a unicorn. Good with magic, real brainiac. And then you got Rarity. *Total knockout*. Twilight seems to think I don’t have a chance with her, but eh, what does she know?

(*As before, frustration gradually writes itself across the interrogator’s face in big block letters during this line. Close-up of her.*)

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) Let’s see, there’s—there’s Fluttershy, a pegasus afraid of heights. Hm, what’s up with that?

**Pinkie:** (*groaning loudly*) No! (*Cut to frame both; Gummy on top of chair.*) You’re not understanding me! I want you to confess!

**Spike:** Confess?

**Pinkie:** (*leaning light closer*) Confess!

(*The baby dragon’s eyes show his crumbling resolve before her ruthless glare, and in time the floodgate of his tongue gives way.*)

**Spike:** I’m the one who spilled juice all over Twilight’s copy of *Magical Mysteries and Practical Potions*! (*He raises his arms to ward off a blow.*)

**Pinkie:** And?

**Spike:** And I’m the one who used up all the hot water in Ponyville yesterday when I took a seven-hour bubble bath!

**Pinkie:** *And?*

**Spike:** And sometimes, when no one’s around— (*reaching o.s. for something*) —I do this.

(*He drags a mirror up to the chair and starts flexing his muscles in front of it.*)

**Spike:** Lookin’ good, Spike, lookin’ *real* good!

(*The partially unhinged inquisitor cannot believe her ears, so she blinks stupidly for a second and shakes her head clear.*)

**Pinkie:** No, no, *no*, *NO!*

(*Back to him on the last two “no”’s; she knocks the mirror away.*)

**Spike:** (*scared*) Wh…what do you want to hear? Tell me what you want me to say and I’ll say it!

**Pinkie:** (*with mounting force; zoom in slowly*) Tell me that my friends are all lying to me and avoiding me because they don’t like my parties and they don’t want to be my friends anymore!

(*The last few words come with almost enough oomph to strip the spines from his head. She then heaves for breath and stares him down point-blank.*)

**Spike:** (*rapid fire; zoom out slowly*) Your friends are all lying to you and avoiding you ’ cause they don’t like your parties and they don’t want to be your friends anymore!

(*Close-up of Pinkie as she straightens up with a triumphant smile.*)

**Pinkie:** Aha! I knew it!

(*It vanishes as quickly as it came while her mane and tail inflate and pop like overfilled balloons. Once the air has rushed out, they are left completely straight, just as they were during her childhood as seen in “The Cutie Mark Chronicles.” In addition, her overall coloration darkens slightly to match that scene as the lights behind her go out. The table spotlight shines down on her from above against a black background, and she hangs her head sadly.*)

**Pinkie:** (*small voice; zoom out slowly*) Oh, no. My friends don’t like my parties and they don’t want to be my friends anymore.

(*The room lights snap on around her. She has ended up on the floor, sitting on her haunches next to Gummy.*)

**Spike:** Uh…so…

(*Without a word, she pushes the plate of gems to him; he chows down as the camera zooms back in on her and she moans quietly. Snap to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of the not-so-Pinkie in the party room. She addresses herself to the camera.*)

**Pinkie:** Thank you all so much for coming.

(*Her perspective; she is at one end of the table, and she sweeps her gaze from one side to the other. Gummy is seated at the far end; on one side are a wad of lint and a full flour sack, while a stack of rocks and a bucket of turnips are at the other. The alligator and all four “guests” wear party hats.*)

**Pinkie:** It means so much to Gummy.

(*Who probably could not care less, as seen when the camera shifts to frame the entire table. A large cake has now been set out, with a piece in front of the birthday reptile. Pinkie moves to the turnip bucket and speaks for it in a deep male voice, jostling it slightly with a hoof to simulate what it might do if it were sentient.*)

\*\*\* *Lines marked with one asterisk (\*) are delivered as if Pinkie were acting as puppeteer.* \*\*\*

**\* Bucket:** Could I have some more punch?

**Pinkie:** Well, of course you can have some more punch, Mr. Turnip.

(*She swiftly grabs a cup and sets it on the bucket’s stool, after which she suffers a full-body twitch as the background briefly changes to one of random color spatters and gradients. Her coloration returns to normal during the twitch, then resumes its muted tone. Now she trots over to the rocks and gives them a male voice with a Brooklyn accent. In the background, a bed and closet can be seen along with an oversized ice cream cone—this “party” is being held in her bedroom, which is in Sugarcube Corner.*)

**\* Rocks:** This is one great party! You really outdone yourself!

**Pinkie:** Why, thank you, Rocky.

(*She goes next to the lint, to which she gives a male, English-accented voice without touching it.*)

**\* Lint:** I’m having a delightful time as well.

**Pinkie:** I’m so glad, Sir Lintsalot.

(*A second twitch as before, after which she gets behind the flour sack to puppeteer it while using a high, French-accented voice.*)

**\* Flour:** Might I trouble you for another slice of cake? (*Pinkie pops her head up.*)

**Pinkie:** Anything for you, Madame LaFlour. (*She slides one up on a plate.*)

**\* Rocks (Rocky):** I’m just glad none of them ponies showed up!

**Pinkie:** (*smiling*) Oh, they’re not so bad.

(*As the smile stays in place, the eyes above it slowly drift out of focus and the background dissolves to that same random mess of colors seen during her twitches. Sanity has decided to take a long lunch. Now the “guests” seem to move and talk on their own, with no assistance from Pinkie.*)

**Rocky:** Not so bad? Puh-lease! They’re a buncha losers!

**Pinkie:** Oh, come on, now. “Losers” might be a little strong, don’t you think?

**Lint (Lintsalot):** After the way they treated you? I say “losers” isn’t strong enough.

**Pinkie:** Well, it *was* pretty rude.

**Flour (LaFlour):** Pretty rude? It was downright despicable!

**Pinkie:** (*angrily*) It was, wasn’t it?

**Bucket (Turnip):** If I were you, I wouldn’t speak to them ever again.

**Pinkie:** You know what? I’m *not* gonna speak to them ever again, and I’m not gonna invite them to another party as long as I live! They don’t deserve to be invited to my parties!

(*A third twitch as before, except this time the background briefly returns to normal during it.*)

**Pinkie:** Not after the way they’ve been acting. (*Applause around the table.*)

**LaFlour:** Despicable!

**Rocky:** Buncha losers!

**LaFlour:** Yes!

(*The normal background restores itself, and the truth of the matter is made clear—Pinkie is manipulating the sack, suggesting that she did the same for the others during the last scene. Gummy is no longer sitting at the end of the table.*)

**\* LaFlour:** That’s right!

**\* Turnip:** Well done!

**\* Lintsalot:** Yeah!

**\* Rocky:** You show ’em! (*A knock at the door.*)

**Pinkie:** Who could that be?

(*A close-up of the door shows Rainbow’s face visible through its heart-shaped cutout; she opens it to let herself in.*)

**Rainbow:** Hey there, Pinkie Pie. (*Cut to the sullen pony, then frame both as she continues.*) Sorry I was in such a rush earlier. Had someplace to be and couldn’t slow down and say hello. You know how it goes.

**Pinkie:** (*through gritted teeth*) I know how it goes, all right.

**Rainbow:** (*a bit unnerved*) Yeah. So why don’t you come with me over to Sweet Apple Acres?

**Pinkie:** No thanks. I’m spending time with my *real* friends. Isn’t that right, Madame LaFlour?

**\* LaFlour:** *Oui*. That is correct, madame. (*Cut to Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** (*more unnerved*) Uh, Pinkie Pie? (*Gummy bounces across on a balloon.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Another slice of cake, Sir Lintsalot?

**\* Lintsalot:** (*from o.s.*) I’d love one.

**Rainbow:** (*forcing a big smile*) All righty. (*trotting to Pinkie*) What do you say we get on outta Creepytown and head over to Applejack’s—

(*The camera shifts to the deranged party planner on the end of this; she then shoves Turnip over to block Rainbow’s path.*)

**\* Turnip:** She’s not going anywhere. (*Pan to Pinkie.*)

**Pinkie:** I most certainly am not. I’m having a wonderful time right here. (*Duck under table.*)

**Rainbow:** You should really just come with me.

(*Her perspective of Pinkie on the end of this; now Rocky is slid over in front of her.*)

**\* Rocky:** You heard the lady! She ain’t goin’ nowheres, chump!

**Rainbow:** (*needled*) Who you callin’ a chump, chump?

(*She shoves her face toward the stack of rocks, knocking off all but the bottom one, and sighs in frustration at having let herself get yanked into this farce.*)

**Rainbow:** That’s it. Party’s over.

(*She flies across and lands behind Pinkie, who is backing out from under the table.*)

**Rainbow:** Come on, Pinkie Pie.

**Pinkie:** No.

**Rainbow:** Pinkie Pie, let’s go!

**Pinkie:** I said no! (*Rainbow tries to bulldoze her ahead; she digs in her hooves.*)

**Rainbow:** You…have to…come with…me!

**Pinkie:** No…I…don’t!

(*She slams her rump down on the rainbow-maned head; its owner yanks free with enough force to pitch herself across the room. Rainbow fetches up against the table, knocking party “guests” everywhere and ending up with a slice of cake on her head.*)

**Rainbow:** Oh, you want to do this the hard way? We’ll do this the hard way!

(*Dissolve to the closed door of the Sweet Apple Acres barn. Rainbow, now cleaned up, is doing to Pinkie what Applejack has often done to her—that is, grab tail in teeth and pull. Her efforts to drag Pinkie are hampered by the latter’s front hooves dug into the ground; finally she gets within hoof’s reach and lets go. Gummy is riding on Pinkie’s back.*)

**Rainbow:** (*out of breath*) We’re…here…

(*On the second word, cut to inside the darkened barn as the door creaks open. Pinkie is now standing up. Four silhouettes stand between the camera and the door, and the lights quickly come up to expose them as the other members of the core group. All are wearing party hats decorated with their respective cutie marks and standing among the sort of decorations Pinkie prefers.*)

**Twilight, Applejack, Fluttershy, Rarity:** SURPRISE!!

(*Pinkie is caught off guard by this, but her face hardens again as Rainbow pushes her into the barn, past a side table set up with a phonograph. Her silent snarl now puts the others on edge.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*to Twilight*) I’d really thought she’d be more excited.

**Pinkie:** Excited? *Excited?!?* Why would I be excited to attend my own farewell party?!?

**Twilight:** Farewell party?

**Pinkie:** Yes! You don’t like me anymore, so you decide to kick me out of the group and throw a great big party to celebrate! A “Farewell to Pinkie Pie” party!

(*She punctuates these words with a hind-leg punt, sending Gummy to the ground, and a bit of frantic foreleg gesticulation. Her rancor gives way to a low-spirited slouch facing away from the others. Applejack and Gummy cross to her.*)

**Applejack:** Why in the world would you think we didn’t like you anymore, sugar cube?

**Pinkie:** (*with mounting anger*) Why? (*to Rarity*) Why? (*to Fluttershy*) *WHY?!?*

(*Fluttershy falls backward; Pinkie does a backflip that leaves her hanging upside down.*)

**Pinkie:** Because you’ve been LYING to me and avoiding me all day! That’s why! (*She touches down.*)

**Rainbow:** (*smirking*) Uh, yeah, because we wanted your party to be a surprise! (*Cut to Pinkie and Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** We’ve been planning this party for such a long time— (*lifting/batting a balloon*) —we had to make excuses for why we couldn’t attend Gummy’s party so that we could get everything ready for yours. (*Zoom in on Pinkie.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) If this is a farewell party…

(*Cut to her, standing next to a table with a large cake on it.*)

**Twilight:** …why does the cake I picked up from Sugarcube Corner say “Happy Birthday Pinkie Pie”?

(*Resentment gives way to confusion as the muted pink pony’s eyes shift around the room: to a table loaded with presents and a punchbowl; to the overhead decorations; to the cake frosted with hearts, flowers and her own smiling face. The camera then cuts to a long shot of the entire group and zooms in quickly on her. In an instant, her mane and tail fluff back up and her bright pink coloration restores itself, along with her usual cheerful demeanor.*)

**Pinkie:** Because it’s my birthday! (*She gathers the other five into a giant hug.*) Oh, how could I have forgotten my own birthday?

(*They sigh with relief, having brought a peaceful end to the crisis, and she lets go.*)

**Pinkie:** And you like me so much, you decided to throw me a surprise party!

**Rarity:** That’s what we’ve been trying to tell you, darling.

**Pinkie:** You girls are the best friends ever! (*sadly*) How could I have ever doubted you? (*Twilight crosses to her.*)

**Twilight:** It’s okay, Pinkie Pie. It could’ve happened to any of us.

(*General assent from the other four as they gather around.*)

**Rainbow:** I’m just glad I haven’t been replaced by a bucket of turnips. (*Cut to her, Twilight, and Pinkie.*)

**Twilight:** Huh? (*Nervous grin from Pinkie.*)

**Rainbow:** You don’t want to know.

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) All right, girls. (*Cut to her, at a side table with the phonograph.*) Enough of this gabbin’. (*She nudges the needle onto the turntable.*) Let’s party!

(*All six dance and laugh as the music plays and confetti sprinkles down over them. Cut to Twilight and pan across the room on the next line. Applejack and Fluttershy bat a balloon back and forth over Gummy’s head, Rainbow tries the cake, and Rarity dances with Spike briefly before Twilight and Pinkie form a two-pony conga line.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over, dictating*) “Dear Princess Celestia: I am writing to you from the most delightful party. I am not only having a great time with my friends, but also was given the opportunity to learn a valuable lesson about friendship.”

(*Spike discovers that he is now dancing alone when Rarity joins the line. Fluttershy does likewise as Twilight continues.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) “Always expect the best from your friends, and never assume the worst.” (*Applejack leaves Gummy and joins the line.*) “Rest assured that a good friend always has your best interests at heart. Your faithful student, Twilight Sparkle.”

**Pinkie:** You girls wouldn’t mind if we celebrated Gummy’s after-birthday party too, would you? His party was cut short and he’s pretty upset about it.

(*Cut to the after-birthday guest of honor, who catches a balloon in his mouth and tries to bite down on it. The o.s. ponies voice their approval of the idea, with the following line emerging from the end of their mixed responses.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Yeah, why not? Let’s have a party for Gummy.

(*Her giggle accompanies an “iris out” to black.*)